

## Happy Fucking Holidays by [vanishingbyler](#)

**Series:** [A Very Byler Christmas \(2017\) \[11\]](#)

**Category:** IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Future AU, Implied/Referenced Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, M/M, Set in 1988

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-12-12

**Updated:** 2017-12-12

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 05:21:00

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 845

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](#)

**Summary:**

Mike hated having his extended family visit over Christmas, with a passion. And nobody was worse than his obnoxious little cousin from Maine.

# Happy Fucking Holidays

## Author's Note:

Because who doesn't love a cheesy overdone crossover ?!!1?!?!

I hate myself.

Anyway it's like 3am on the 12th but lets ignore that this is late I am VERY tired, Richie will also be kinda prominent in tomorrow's fic.

A load of people guessed from my It's a Wonderful Life fic that Richie and Mike were cousins so I wanted to put that in for a couple of days.

11/12/2017

“Will, are you there? Will, come in. Over”

The SuperComm in Mike’s room crackled to life as he sat with his back against the door, willing it not to open.

“Will, please, if you can hear me, come in. Over.”

“Are you okay? Over.”

“Can you come to my house? The extendeds from hell are over. Over.”

“Twenty minutes. Over.”

Mike was a generally pretty patient guy, but his mother’s family were near enough unbearable. Her sister, Maggie, was frustrating, short-

tempered, and drunk near enough constantly. Her son was loud. Think of the loudest person you know, multiply it by 100, and that's what Richie sounded like whispering. Uncle Went was fine, if a little weird. He didn't talk much, but not in a disengaged way like Mike's own father. He was calm, kind, but unwilling to enter into the loud drama that his wife and son carried everywhere like a tornado.

They came to visit before Christmas every year, bringing with them bottles and bottles of cheap wine, a few gifts for the kids, and aggressive debates about politics.

Mike was desperate for Will to spare him from it, having already retreated to his bedroom within minutes of his family's arrival.

He counted down the minutes until his doorbell rang, and speeded down the stairs before anyone else could open it. That didn't quite work, as Holly got there first, and Richie was watching, smirking, in the doorway of the living room.

"Wiiiiill!" Holly screeched, jumping into a hug from him.

"Holly!" he responded, equally enthusiastic, squeezing and spinning her round.

"Miiiike!" Richie piped up, and Mike glared.

"Shut it, Tozier. Will, you coming?" he said, motioning to the staircase.

Will frowned a little, before beaming and following him upstairs. When they entered the bedroom, Mike immediately barricaded the door with his chest of drawers. He breathed a sigh of relief.

“Why are you blocking the door?”

“Richie’s sharing the room this weekend and I don’t want him coming in until we go to bed.”

“Why not? What’s up with him?”

“He’s *so* annoying, Will, he’s *unbearable*. He never shuts up, like never. He can’t go more than a minute without doing some dumb impression or just plain fuckin’ *shouting*. There’s something up with him, I swear.”

“Ignore him. By Tuesday he’ll be on a plane home, just take it easy this weekend.’

‘You wanna stay over?’

“Sure.” Will answered back quietly, smiling in Mike’s direction and gently rubbing a hand on his knee.

They remained in comfortable silence for the next few hours, cringing everytime Richie’s thunderous voice pierced through the floorboard from downstairs. Will was doodling and Mike was working on Will’s Christmas present (of course, without saying what it was). They successfully remained alone until half 8, when Holly came to bed and hugged both boys as tightly as she could.

Holly loved the two of them- Will was as much her brother as Mike was.

A couple hours later, Richie stormed into the room screaming ‘Waddup, fuckers?’. Mike clenched his fist, taking deep breaths through gritted teeth to keep from lashing out at the obnoxious younger boy. Will slid his hand into Mike’s.

“Oooh, is that some homosexuality I see?”

“Shut the *fuck* up, Richard.”

“Who said it was a bad thing? Always up for some gays in my space.”

“Just get ready for bed, asshole. We’re not dating. Don’t think just because you’re 12 doesn’t mean I won’t push you out of my bedroom window.”

“A’right, a’right, no need to fret, pet!” he responded, annoyingly attempting some kind of accent- was it British? Australian? Who could tell, it was all just noise with Richie.

Mike and Will shrugged their pyjamas on and curled up together on the bottom bunk, comforted by the duvet swaddling them, and tried to ignore the random noises coming from the bed above.

“Mike? Do you think pigeons feel emotions?”

“Mike? What animal was Goofy?”

“Mike? Do cows have human milk on their cheerios?”

After a half hour or so of inane questions, Richie realised he wasn’t getting a response, not even irritation, he sighed and rolled over.

Mike still couldn’t sleep, his mind plagued with thoughts of how frustrating this weekend was with the Toziers. He was reassured knowing Will was beside him, and absent-mindedly stroking his fringe definitely made him feel better, but he was still unreasonably angry with the idiot kid on the top bunk.

That was, until he heard Richie sniffing- not quite crying, but definitely not asleep. He suddenly felt incredibly guilty for hating the little shit so much. One of the reasons he’d always felt no remorse for despising the obnoxious kid was because Richie felt no emotions- he didn’t mind being disliked because at least all attention was on him. He’d always seemed so unfazed by his parents’ absence and his

mother's drinking.

But it was obvious from the tears being quietly spilled into his pillow that Richie was, in fact, affected by all the shit going on around him. And Mike felt ridiculously guilty for the fact.